

first date by urdearestmom

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Summary:

She screws her eyes shut and blurts it out. "I'm going on a date tomorrow!"

first date

Author's Note:

yall im emo i love vienna so much

today's prompt was FIRST DATE and mileven week is almost over :(

May 2020, Indianapolis, IN

Mike's dicing an onion for dinner when his daughter interrupts.

"Hey, Dad? Can I talk to you?"

"Of course, anything you need," he says, looking away from the knife for a second.

Vienna shifts her feet, looking apprehensive. Her dark hair spills over her shoulders, loose from the braids she's had it in all day. "Um..."

Mike can see she's nervous to tell him whatever it is, so he puts down the knife and pats her shoulder reassuringly. "Whatever it is, I'm not going to be mad. You can tell me."

The pair stands in the kitchen in silence, interrupted only by Henry tripping down the stairs on his way out to see his girlfriend. He's been back from college and spending as much time as possible with his family, but of course seeing Elora is a top priority too. Mike sees him give his sister what's supposed to be an indiscreet thumbs up. Once he's out the door, Mike turns back to his daughter.

"Anytime this year would be great, Vi."

She screws her eyes shut and blurts it out. "I'm going on a date tomorrow!"

It's not really what he was expecting, but then again Mike doesn't know what he was expecting. Something terrible, probably.

"Okay," he says. "Where are you going? Do you need a ride?"

Money?”

Vienna breathes a sigh of relief. “I have my birthday money and we’re going to Castleton Square, so we should be good. Thanks, anyway.”

She’s smiling now and seeing his little girl smile is one of the best things in the world, so Mike smiles too. “You’re growing up fast, sweetpea.”

“You’re cooking dinner awfully slow, daddy-o,” she retorts.

Mike narrows his eyes. “Hmph. No respect in this house. I’d like to see you cook dinner, you *teenager*.”

Vienna gasps as though she’s been gravely insulted as she lifts three plates from the cupboard and sets them on the table without so much as touching them. “*Father!* ”

It had become a joke before she turned thirteen. Vienna had once proudly stated that teenagers were gross and she didn’t want to be one, ever. Upon having it pointed out to her that being thirteen would make her a teenager, she was horrified and her dad could do nothing but laugh. Her thirteen would hopefully be a walk in the park compared to his...

Once she’s done with the table, Vienna hoists herself onto the island, swinging her legs. Mike’s got to let the onion and garlic brown before he adds the actual food to the pot, so he brings himself to the island too and starts to make a salad. They both occupy the kitchen in companionable silence for a few minutes as Mike washes the lettuce, but once he’s washed and cut it, he turns to her and surveys her.

She looks the same as she always has; slight and petite like her mother used to be before hitting a growth spurt in high school but with all of his features. Dark hair, dark eyes, fair skin, sharp nose, freckles. Even the shape of her jaw is reminiscent of his, although softer around the edges. But she’s bigger now. She’s fifteen. And she’s going on a *date*.

Mike sighs and moves closer to Vienna to press a kiss to her forehead,

pushing her hair back a little.

“You’re going on a *date*, he says incredulously. “My little girl is going on her first date.”

Vienna’s nose wrinkles. “I’m fifteen, Dad, not five.”

“Obviously,” he snorts. “When you were five you wanted to marry me, now you’re going on a date with someone else. Who am I? Oh, just your dad, of course!”

“Did I really?”

“Yeah, you had a whole argument with Henry about who loved me more because he said you couldn’t marry your dad,” Mike answers, turning back to the sink to wash some tomatoes.

“I don’t remember that,” Vienna continues.

“Well, you were half-asleep, I wouldn’t expect you to. Ah, the good old days,” he says wistfully. “What happened to the girl who promised she would never leave me?”

“I think that was Mom, not me,” she replies teasingly. Mike doesn’t answer, but Vienna is only quiet for a moment. “What was your first date like?”

Mike raises his brows, snatching up the knife again to slice the tomatoes into the bowl. “Do you mean with your mom or just in general?” He pauses, and his eyebrows crinkle together. “Why did I specify, that was the same date.”

Vienna rolls her eyes. “Yes, we *know*, you’ve only ever dated one girl and you married her, blah blah. Congrats on finding the love of your life at twelve, if only it was that easy for everyone else.”

“Watch that tone, little miss,” Mike says, mock-threateningly. “Let’s see... I took her to the mall, I think. You know that old mall in Hawkins? Starcourt? That’s the one. It had just opened for the first time...”

How the hell he'd managed to convince Hopper to let him take El out, Mike wasn't sure. He'd just discovered a new talent for persuasion, apparently. That or El begged. But, here they were. Mike had biked to the new mall on the other side of town and Hopper had driven El there. He would be sitting in the food court in front of Orange Julius intimidating people until five o'clock, which was the time they'd agreed to meet to go home. For now, it was just El and Mike wandering around by themselves for the next three hours.

El was quiet as usual, but Mike could see the wonder in her eyes as she looked at all the bright and colourful displays around them.

"Do you see any stores you like, El?" He asked.

"All of them," she answered quietly. "They are pretty."

"Okay," said Mike, "but any in particular that you want to go into? We won't have time to visit all of them."

El looked around for a bit before settling on Sam Goody. "That one," she said, pointing to it.

"That's a music store. They sell records and cassettes there."

"What is a cassette?"

They passed under the hot pink entry and into the bright white light of the store, racks upon racks of vinyls and cassettes laid out before them.

"A cassette is one of these," Mike explained, picking up a random one to demonstrate. "It does the same thing a record does, only it's way smaller and cheaper. These can play in cars now if you get one with a cassette player," he adds.

El nods. Making her way over to a rack of vinyls labelled from C to D, she pointed to a specific one and said, "Hopper has this one."

Mike raised his eyebrows. *Jim Croce*. "He would," is what he said out loud. "Do you want to buy something?"

El shrugged. "Hopper gave me ten dollars?"

"That's enough, most stuff costs around eight if you buy new, but used records go around five or six," Mike reassured her, leading her to the new releases section.

"The rest will be... change?" She asked tentatively.

Mike beamed. "You've been learning about money?"

El nodded. "Hopper said stealing is bad. We have to pay for things."

"Well, yeah. You saw those guys at Big Buy when you stole those Eggos during the first week, remember?"

"They wanted me to stop."

"Yeah, 'cause you were stealing," Mike said, perusing the vinyls in front of him. "What about this one?"

He held up the new album by Tears for Fears. El blinked at it for a second before taking it in her hands and turning it over. She read the titles on the back, nodding slowly as she reached the bottom of the list.

"I like his hair," she said, pointing to the guy on the right. "Curly."

Suddenly, Mike wished his hair was curly. It was more curly lately than it had been his entire life, except for when he was a toddler, but it still wasn't much. It was more puffy than anything.

"So do you want that one?"

El nodded again, hugging her very first vinyl to her chest. Mike was going to help her pay for it, but she insisted that she could do it herself, so he stood to the side and proudly watched her make her first purchase.

On their way out of the store, El held the bag with her record in it in one hand and laced the fingers of her other with Mike's, making him turn pink. "Thank you," she said, smiling up at him.

He didn't know what she was thanking him for, but he sure was thankful that she was there with him, safe and happy.

“... and then we just walked around for a while and went in some places before we went back to the food court. She wanted ice cream so I bought her some and had Steve laughing at me the whole time. I was so embarrassed, but it was the best first date I could’ve asked for.”

Vienna’s smiling softly as Mike finishes telling the story. “That’s really cute, Dad. Never thought I’d say that, but there it is.”

“Hey,” Mike says defensively, “Your mom tells me I’m cute all the time, I know it’s the truth even if you don’t want to admit it.”

His daughter scoffs. “You’re almost fifty, *cute* shouldn’t be a word used to describe you.”

He holds a hand to his chest. “I am *offended*, child. Have I been raising heathens in this house?”

Vienna stares at him for a moment before she starts giggling, and he joins her. Everything about their relationship is ridiculous, but Mike couldn’t ask for something better. He likes that he can trade insults and laugh about inconsequential things with his daughter; it’s everything he ever wanted when he was her age, but his parents were never like that.

Later, after El gets home and the three of them have dinner, the couple are lying in bed when they hear their son come in the door. He tries to climb the stairs quietly, but after living in this house for thirteen years, Mike and El know all the creaks it makes. His door opens and shuts without a peep from him.

El looks at the alarm clock on her nightstand. “He’s earlier than usual,” she whispers. “Think something happened?”

“Nah,” Mike says into the dark, turning on his side to face her. “He would’ve stayed out even later if something happened. She probably just had to go to bed early, I think he told me she’s got a cousin’s birthday tomorrow or something. The thing Mexicans do when a girl turns fifteen, I can’t remember what it’s called.”

“Quinceanera.”

“Wow, look who’s teaching who now.”

El laughs quietly. “I remember a lot of random facts.”

“Hmm,” Mike says, and then he remembers. “Oh! Speaking of things the kids told me, Vi told me today that she’s going on a date tomorrow. Did you know about this?”

El shakes her head. “She told me after dinner, but you know she always tells you stuff first.”

“Yeah, but I thought she might’ve told you this time because she’s a girl and you’re her mom and it’s her first date...”

“Castleton, right? Probably just a movie.”

“We didn’t watch a movie on our first date.”

“Mike,” El sighs exasperatedly, “We only had three hours and I’d never been to a mall before. It doesn’t matter anyway, our first date was fine. I still have that vinyl somewhere, by the way.”

“She’s growing up so fast, I...” He trails off. “First *date*.”

El sighs again and snuggles closer to him. “We grew up too. She’ll be okay, she has a phone and she has money in case she needs anything.”

“I just don’t even know how to feel about it,” Mike continues. “I’m happy that she found someone she likes, but I’m also kind of sad? She’s becoming independent and I miss the little kid who used to hang off my legs when I was cooking.”

El doesn’t answer, merely rubbing her nose softly on his bare shoulder. It tickles.

“El?”

“Hmm?”

“Should I go with her? Just hang out in the food court maybe, just in case something-”

“You are not spying on our daughter’s first date, you weirdo,” El laughs. “You sound like my dad, and not even he did that.”

“But if some *boy* is going to be hanging all over her-”

“Don’t assume your kids are straight, Mike, you know how that goes. Did she tell you it was a boy?”

He thinks back to what Vienna told him that evening and realizes that no, she didn’t. “She didn’t.”

El hums. “I don’t think she even likes them, to be honest. But that’s not what’s important right now. If it’s not a boy, she’ll come to us in time. If it is, she’ll come to us in time. What happens now is we *sleep*.”

Mike doesn’t answer her, but a few moments later she lets out an exasperated, “*Michael*.”

“Okay, fine,” he grunts. “I promise I won’t spy on her date. Good night.”

“Thank you.” El presses a kiss to his shoulder and throws her arm and leg over him as she gets comfortable. “Love you.”

He yawns. “Love you too.”

Author’s Note:

lemme know what you thought!! is vienna's date a boy or no????? comment down below :)))